THE SUBURBAN CITIZEN.

WASHINGTON, - D. C.

Objection to the use of the French word "chauffeur" in the ordinance regulating the speed of the automobiles in Kansas City, Mo., has led to the substitution of the word "operator" to designate the man controlling the machine.

The costermonger has found an apologist in the London Lancet. It is his business to watch the markets and to buy extensively when there is a glut, and to distribute the purchases as quickly as possible. He thus prevents the wholesale destruction of perishable goods, and he also discourages the inclination of small shopkeepers to make extortionate charges.

In speaking on the advisability of curtailing the study of the dead languages, a subject now interesting educators in Great Britain, Professor Kirkpatrick, of the chair of history in the University of Edinburgh is quoted as saying "Indispensable as the study of Latin once was in higher education, that of one's own language and other modern tongues has now become more so."

Hackneys of skyscraping knee action are to some extent freaks in horseflesh of little more real value to mankind than dachshunds, the sawed off dwarfs among dogs. The little child who said of this ridiculous splay-footed, bow-legged caricature of the canine race that it must have been born under a bureau, hit the mark exactly. The nose-smiting, cloud-capping horses that try to throw their front legs over their ears at every stride are grotesque aberrations from sound and admirable types.

Women who are suddenly thrown upon their own resources are often sorely perplexed to devise means by which they can eke out their scanty means and support themselves and those dependent upon them. Some of these women have earned comfortable incomes at home in unusual ways. There was one who came to be known as the "Little Biscuit Woman," because she so excelled in making beaten biscuit, and which she disposed of through the woman's exchange. In a few years she had earned sufficient money to build a small, pretty home. Some people smilingly speak of it as "the house built of little biscuits."

Thought is said to be free. That's the reason nobody cares much for it. The retired merchant in New York City who killed himself the other day because he was fifty years old and thought that a man of fifty was too old to live, had a right to his opinion, but that opinion seems laboriously wrong, remarks the New York Sun. It is foolish to die at fifty, for at that age you are or ought to be just beginning to know how to live. Somewhat of the greenness of unseasoned youth is gone and the moss and ivy will not begin to grow on you for forty or fifty years yet, if you preserve yourself, and leave no ruins for 'em to grow on. Fifty; pshaw! fifty's a likely young man, and the change for a hundred still to come out of it.

About three years ago the individual bicycle companies of the country were merged into one concern, known as the American Bicycle Company. The organization started with a great flourish of trumpets. It enjoyed a monopoly of the bicycle business, and jubilantly announced that it would probably earn twenty per cent. on its common stock. Then it proceeded to perfect plans for rolling up dividends. One of the "plans" was the practical elimination of advertising. Previously, the volume of advertising done by the individual manufacturers was something enormous, and the bicycle was a stupendous proposition as a money-maker. But the great heads of the new corporation decided that they might as well save the money. They saved it. And it was about all they did save. It came to pass that a bicycle advertisement was rarely seen in the magazines or newspapers, the inevitable result being that the public very rarely bought a bicycle, and the twenty per cent. dividends, like Shakespeare's witches, vanished in thin air. In fact, the company couldn't even pay the interest on its bonds. Finally, the American Bicycle Company failed, with large liabilities and small assets. It is all decidedly suggestive, observes Profitable Advertising. Could a more decisive object lesson in the value of publicity be had? Is it not conclusive evidence that advertising is absolutely essential to modern business, whether that business is controlled by a trust or not?

LAUCH IT AWAY.

Don't put on your far-off glasses hunting lions in the way,
Don't go probing 'round for troubles—just ignore them, day by day.
Don't go sighing: "Yes, 'tis pleasant just at present, but—ah me!
There's the sorrow of to-morrow—where will all our sunshine be?"
If the worst is in the future and has been there all the while.
We can keep it there by laughing till we make the others smile.

If the worst is in the future, let it stay there; for we know
That to-morrow's always threatening to bring us so-and-so;
But to-morrow with its sorrow never comes within our gaze,
For all time is just a pageant of these busy old to-days.
Let the worst stay in the future where it has been, all the while!
We can keep it there by laughing till the others start to smile.

When we look toward the sunset in the gorgeous afterglow,
Let us thank the blessed Father for the things we do not know;
Let us thank Him with all fervency that He has never sent
Any burden quite unbearable; that while our backs have bent
Underneath the load, we've had His arms about us all the while—
Let us laugh away the trouble though our eyes are dimmed with tears;

Let us laugh away our troublos though our eyes are dimmed with tears;
Let us laugh away the heartaches and the worries and the fears;
Just "be good and you'll be happy"—if you're happy, you'll be good;
For the rule's so double-acting that it's seldom understood.
O, there is no future coming with a lot of trouble in—
We can fight it off by laughing till the others start to grin!

—S. W. Gillilan, in Los Angeles Herald.

A TRAGEDY IN A TUNNEL

THE night express was making its customary pause at Grantham station while the engines were changed for the next long run, 100 miles, to York.

It was not a crowded train, as I easily perceived when I alighted with the rest to stretch my legs. Most of the passengers had turned out, too, and we lounged about, staring at each other without keen interest until time was up and the sharp cries of "Take your seats," "Now for the North," sent us back to our carriages.

I had a compartment to myself, and I regained it without paying particular attention to those nearest me, save in the vague, unconscious fashion that would hardly serve for later recognition. One man I noticed in the next carriage—he and I alone were travelling "first," at any rate, in that part of the train—but do not think I should have known him again but for his traveling cap with the lappets tied under his chin and his loose ulster with a cape—distinct facts in his appearance, although they made little impression on me at the time.

Then another matter claimed my notice. There were sudden cries, "Now, sir, now! If you're going on, look sharp, sir, please." I saw a man, a laggard, hurrying down the platform, puffing breathlessly in evident distress, as though the pace was too great for him.

He made straight for where I sat, but stopped one compartment short of mine, and as the train was already moving they hustled him in neck and crop; the signal was given, "Right," the whistle sounded, the engine driver blew a response, and we steamed ahead full speed.

I felt rather concerned about this neighbor and late arrival. His white face, his staring eyeballs and hanging tongue told of great physical exhaustion, and I fancied that I heard a groan as he tumbled into his carriage. Evidently he had run it very close—had come upon the platform at the very last moment, and had all but missed his train. He had only just joined it, of that I felt sure, for I had not observed him on our departure from King's Cross nor here at Grantham. Why had he been so anxious to save his passage and such peril to himself? For he was ill—I made sure he was ill—so sure that I threw down my window and, leaning out, shouted to the next compartment, asking if anything was wrong.

No answer came, or it was lost in the rattle and turmoil of the express. Once again I called out, having no certainty that I could be heard, but certain at last that I heard no reply. Why should I worry further? The next compartment was not empty, that I knew. If the newcomer was really ill and wanted help he could get it from his traveling companion, the man in the loose ulster and cap tied under his chin, whom I believed to be in the carriage with him. So I dismissed the matter from my mind and sank back among the cushions of my seat to rest and be satisfied.

I must have dozed off, but only for a minute or two as I though, and I seemed to be still asleep and dreaming when again I heard a groan in the next carriage. It was a perfectly vivid and distinct impression, as half waking dreams so often are. I could not at the moment say whether what followed was reality or a figment also of my drowsy brain. What I heard I have said was a groan fraught with keen anguish; what I saw was quite as clear, but still more extraordinary and unaccountable.

The train had slowed down and was almost at a standstill. We were in a tunnel; the lamps in the carriages threw a strong light upon the brick walls and reflected all that was going on in the compartment next mine (none of the others near had any occupant).

But in this the adjoining compartment two figures stood out plainly—men's figures, and one held the other closely in his arms. More than this I could not make out. I saw it clearly, although but a brief space only, a few seconds of time, for now the train moved on rapidly with increasing speed, and we ran out of the tunnel. The reflected scene of course disappeared at once as completely as though wiped off a slate.

There was trouble next door, of what nature it was impossible to guess, but I felt that it must be ascertained forthwith. If it was a case of serious illness then the one hale man would surely ring the alarm bell and seek assistance for the other; if it was foul play he would make no sign, and it then became my bounden duty to interpose without delay.

These thoughts flashed quickly through my mind, and it seemed an age while I waited to resolve my doubts. Probably no more than a few seconds elapsed before I put my hand to the signal and stopped the train. I was first to get out, and hardly waiting the stoppage I clambered along the footboard and stood upon it, looking into the carriage.

No one was to be seen within.

"Quick, quick!" I cried to the guard when he came up. "In here. Something has happened. There is a man sick; I fear he has fainted. He wasn't alone, but I cannot see the other man."

Now the carriage door was opened and disclosed a body lying recumbent, inert, in a strangely stiff, haphazard fashion on the floor. The guard stooped down, waving his lantern over the white, drawn face and moving the body gently on one side.

"All up with him, I expect. Run, somebody, along the train and see if there's a doctor aboard. And you, sir, what do you know of this?"

I described what I had heard or though I had heard and seen, including the glimpse reflected in the tunnel.

"You must have been dreaming or you're inventing," was the guard's rather abrupt comment. "Couldn't have seen anything like that—'tain't possible. And how comes it you know such a lot about it? You tell us, too, there was another man in the carriage—what's become of him? A fine story!"

"Would I have given the alarm if I was implicated in any way?" I answered hotly. "Don't be a fool, guard."

The guard would have answered me rudely, no doubt, but at that moment a doctor appeared upon the scene.

"The man is dead—beyond all question dead," he said at the very first glance.

"And the cause of death?" I asked eagerly, while the guard frowned at me as though I were making myself too busy. "Are there any marks of foul play?"

"None visible,' replied the doctor after a brief examination. "I should say it was heart, but I cannot be certain till I have looked further."

"Which you can do somewhere else and better than here," interposed the guard. "We've lost too much time already. I must push on to York and report there. This is too big a job for me."

"You had better go back to Grantham," I protested. "It's quite close—not half a dozen miles."

"I don't want you to teach me my duty, and I'm not going. I've got first of all to keep time. Why should I go back?"

"To identify the dead man—he got in at Grantham—and to give information as to the man who got out."

"Oh, bosh!" cried the guard. "There was no man—no one but yourself, and you've got to come along with me, and—that"—he pointed to the corpse—"on to York."

"I certainly shall not go on with the train. I shall go back to Grantham alone. There is no time to be lost. The other man——"

I thought the guard would have struck me. He was obviously ready to lay violent hands on me, and he repeated that he meant to take me on to York, if necessary by force.

"You've no authority. You're not a police officer, and I am, or as good, for I am a government official. Here is my card. Let there be an end of this. I think you are wrong in going on, but at any rate I shall walk back to Grantham by the line. Be so good as to look after my things in the next compartment," and with that I alighted and left the guard rather crestfallen.

Within a few minutes, walking rapidly, I re-entered the tunnel which had been the scene of the strange incident, and in less than half an hour I reached the station. It was dimly lighted, for the next express train, the 12.06 "up," was nearly due, and there were several officials upon the platform.

I went up to one, an inspector, and briefly told him what had happened.

"Dear, dear! Of course. I remember. That was Mr. Erasmus Bateman. He belongs here—a rich man, greatly respected; has the big stores in High street. He was in a hurry to catch that train, for he was going down to-night for the great timber auction at Hull to-morrow. He buys a lot for his furniture factory—that is, he did, I suppose I ought to say. Poor Mr. Bateman! He was heavy, overfat for his age, and he ought not to have run so fast."

"Would he be likely to have much money on him?" I asked.

"Why, yes; likely enough. He was his own buyer, and he always bought for cash."

Here was a motive for foul play. I saw the disappearance of this second passenger explained. Bateman had died suddenly almost in the other man's arms.

If evilly disposed it would be but the matter of a moment for the latter to get possession of purse and pocket-book and all valuables—everything, in fact—and make off, leaving the carriage at once, even at the risk of his life.

It was a pretty, a plausible theory enough, and I put it before the inspector with the whole of the facts.

"I'm inclined to agree with you, sir, always supposing there was any such man," he replied. "Your tunnel story is a big mouthful to swallow."

"There he goes," I whispered, clutching at the inspector's arm and pointing to the tails of a check ulster disappearing into the booking office. "He must not see me; he might recognize me as having been in the north express. But go—sharp's the word. Find out where he's booking to and take a ticket for me to the same place. Here are a couple of sovereigns. You'll find me in the waiting room."

He came to me there, bringing a ticket for King's Cross, the other man's destination.

"Traveling up, no doubt, by the 12.06 midnight express, due in London at 2.40. Mark you now, inspector, I want you to telegraph to Scotland Yard and ask them to have a detective on the arrival platform to watch for our gentleman in check ulster and flap cape and stop him.

"Mention my name; tell the office to look out for me, and we'll arrange further together."

An electric bell sounded in the signal box and the inspector cried: "Here she comes! You wait, sir, till the last. I'll mark the ulster down to his carriage and I'll put you the next door. You must be on the lookout at Peterborough and Finsbury Park. He might get off at one of those stations."

"No fear," I said, as I got into the carriage with a parting injunction to the inspector that he had better telegraph also to York, giving the deceased's name, and inform his relations in Grantham.

My man in the ulster did not move on the way to town. I was continually on the lookout, alert and wakeful, watching in every tunnel we passed through for some corroboration of my former experience. In the flying train probably at this time of night every one but myself was sound asleep. The lights were certainly reflected onto the brick walls, but no action or incident. Nevertheless, I was now quite convinced that I had made no mistake as to what I had seen.

I was close behind the check ulster directly its wearer alighted. So was my friend Mountstuart, the detective, to whom, as he ranged alongside, I whispered:

"Take him straight to the nearest station. I will charge him there with robbery from the person. Mind he does not sling (throw away) any stuff."

Except for my caution I believe he would have got rid of a fat, bulky pocketbook, but Mountstuart caught him in the act and took it from his hand. He began to bluster, shouting "What does this mean? How dare you interefer with me? Who are you?"

"You will hear soon enough," said Mountstuart, quietly. "In with you. We are going to Portland road."

I never saw a man so dumbfounded. He was a dark-eyed, lantern jawed, cadaverous looking, and he was shivering, no doubt with the sudden shock of his unexpected arrest. He gave his name at the station as Gregory Carstairs, a commercial traveler, and it came out that he had had business dealings with Mr. Bateman. The temptation had been irresistible when he held the dead man in his arms to search and despoil him. He thought it was quite safe; no once could know of his presence in the carriage, and the sudden death would be attributed to natural causes.

His possession of the stolen property was enough to secure his conviction for theft, the only charge pressed, for death had really been from heart failure. My evidence as to what I had seen was heard in court, and heard with mixed feeling in which incredulity predominated. The judge and some others were sufficiently interested, however, to put my statement to the test by actual experiment on the Underground Railway, and the fact of the telltale reflection was triumphantly proved.

The next time I met the guard of that night express he was very crestfallen and admitted that he had made an ass of himself.—The Tatler.

Family Troubles.

The stories of strangely mixed pronouns are many. A new one is told by a young woman who heard it from the lips of a New Hampshire veteran during the past summer.

"The trouble betwixt Martin Hobbs and his bride wa'n't really betwixt the two of 'em," said this ancient gossip. "The trouble all come because she couldn't get along with his old father, and he couldn't get along with his new mother; and then her sister put in a finger, and said she wa'n't going to have anything to do with a nephew that acted as he did, and his brother, he said he'd got nieces enough without another one added, and he never spoke to her from the day she held out against his father. So they two moved away, and left the old folks to settle it betwixt 'em; and now it's all settled, for he died and she's married again, and the young folks are back at his home with nobody to bother 'em."

"That's very fortunate," said the bewildered listener.

"Yes, 'tis so," said the old man, "when you consider that they wa'n't really to blame, but just she couldn't get along with him, nor he with her."—Youth's Companion.

No fewer than 30,000 English women live on canal boats.

A LITTLE HINT FROM NATURE.

Oh, de rain it come a-fallin'
An' de clouds is mighty black,
An' de lightnin' staht a-shootin'
An' you hyuh de thunder crack;
An' you hyuh de stohm a-braggin'
As it comes a-sweepin' pas':
"I reckons, Mistuh Sunshine,
We has done you up at las'."

But de sunshine come a-laughin',
Jus' as cheerful as befo';
De chillun clap deir han's to see
Him shinin' at de do'.
So keep yoh temper, honey,
Yoh manners try to mend,
'Case sunshine allus gwine to win
De victory in de end.
—Washington Star.

FLASHES OF FUN.

Richley—"I am the architect of my own fortune." Hichley—"Aren't you afraid of a visit from the building inspector?"—Town and Country.

To err is human, wise men say;
You surely cannot doubt it;
And e'en more human is the way
We err, and lie about it.
—Philadelphia Record.

"Greatman habitually wears a pained expression." "Yes; he always looks as if he had accidentally sat down on the pinnacle of fame."—Harper's Bazar.

Little Willie—"Say, pa, what's ability?" Pa—"Ability, my son, is the art of knowing how you know without letting others know it."—Chicago News.

Caspar—"Among the ancient doctors bleeding the patient was the first operation in treating a case." Charlie—"And now it's the last."—Harvard Lampoon.

Marmaduke—"Did your physician give you a diagnosis of your disease?" Mallory—"Yes; he said I had a bad case of high living and no thinking."—Detroit Free Press.

Tom—"Do you think your cousin Julia would marry me if I asked her?" Jack—"Well, I have always considered her a sensible sort of girl—still, she might."—Chicago News.

"Why did you laugh at his joke? It was not funny." "I know it. But if I did not laugh he would think I did not see the point and would tell it again."—Brooklyn Life.

First Fusser—"What do you see attractive in that girl, anyhow?" Second Ditto—"Why, man; her hair." First Ditto—"Oh! I see. Just capillary attraction."—Yale Record.

The automobilist serene,
Some caution won't despise;
He takes along some gasoline
And arnica likewise.
—Washington Star.

"Is this, then, to be the end of our romance?" he asked. "No," she answered. "My lawyer will call on you in the morning. I have a bushel and a half of your letters."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Yes, he takes a great interest in prison work. He has been familiar with the inside of so many of them." "Indeed! As a criminal?" "Not exactly. As an automobilist."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Cobwigger—"I would prefer a literary life, but as I have business ability I owe it to myself to go into trade." Merritt—"If you have the business instinct you can make more money at literature than at anything else."—Judge.

Wederly—"What makes you think the widow who has just moved in next door is childless?" Mrs. Wederly—"I was talking to her across the back fence to-day, and she told me how I ought to raise my little girl."—Chicago News.

"Mr. Gotrox," began the nervous young man, "I—er—that is, your daughter is the—er—apple of my eye, and——" "That will do, young man," interrupted the granite-hearted parent. "Here's $5 for you; go consult an oculist."—Chicago News.

Clarence — "I wish I had lots of money." Uncle Henry—"If one could get what he wished for, I think I should wish for common sense; not for money." Clarence — "Naturally everybody wishes for what he hasn't got."—Boston Transcript.

Letters Mark Twain Gets.

Mark Twain is long suffering in the matter of a correspondence loaded with requests for favors from unknown people. He has consequently received the impression that when people find time hanging heavily on their hands they sit down and write a letter to him asking for something. These requests are always preceded by profuse compliments. "In my judgment," said Mark Twain recently, "no compliment has the slightest value when it is charged for, yet I never get one unaccompanied by the bill." The latest letter he has received is somewhat in the nature of a climax to those that have gone before. A schoolteacher asks for his portrait in oil. "There is nothing we would appreciate so much," wrote this admirer, with true naivete. "It could be used for years and years in the school." But the fact that it would cost the author $1000 or so entered nowhere into the enthusiastic brain of the correspondent.

The Age of Admirals.

Lord Charles Beresford has raised another little breeze in England by protesting that officers in the British Navy are promoted to be admirals when too old to hold that rank. Of the twelve officers holding the rank of admiral or vice-admiral only three of them are below the age of sixty, one admiral being fifty-nine and two vice-admirals being fifty-seven and fifty-five, respectively. Nelson was only forty-seven when he won at Trafalgar. Lord Beresford points out that Germany has much younger men in these exalted places, and he asserts with Napoleon that at "sixty years, one is good for nothing."